

The Consciousness of a Moment

THE CONSCIOUSNESS CYCLE

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The Consciousness of a Moment

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For Lidia
this moment, in which everything became clearer.



Incipit

A moment appears without warning.

It has no past.

It has no future.

There is only it — before it fades.

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Moment 4

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PART I — MOMENTS OF THE BODY



Moment 1

I came into being when the skin twitched under someone's breath.

I do not yet know whether it is a sign of life or only coincidence.

I see a movement so small that it almost does not belong to the body.

Before I can grasp anything, I am already beginning to fade.

The world I touch lasts longer than I do.

But before I fade — I am the first to see it.

Moment 2

I came into being when a muscle tightened without a decision.
It is a movement so brief that even the body did not notice it.
I am a suspension between impulse and gesture,
a place in which nothing has yet become something.
I see tension that has no direction and no purpose.
Before I disappear — I know only this one thing:
movement begins earlier than the human.

Moment 3

I came into being when the rhythm of the heart shifted by a fraction of a beat.

It is a tremor that no one will feel,
and yet it changes the direction of the entire body for a brief, unnoticed moment.

I am a suspension between a beat and a pause,
a place so small that even time cannot grasp it.

I see only the interval — the pause in which the body does not yet know that it is alive.

Before I fade — there remains only silence between two impulses.

Moment 4

I came into being when warmth appeared in the body without a source.

I am a brief expansion of space beneath the skin,
so delicate that even the nerves do not try to name it.

I am neither pain nor relief — only a change,
a trace of flow shining for a fraction of existence.

I see a path the body does not notice,
a shift so soft that nothing dares to take it.

If anything remains after me, it is only the shadow of a direction.

PART II — MOMENTS OF THE MIND



Moment 5

I came into being in the place where a thought was meant to be born, but had not yet done so.

I am tension without direction,

a movement that does not know whether it should become meaning.

I see territory before the word — empty, and yet expectant,

as if the mind were gathering a breath it does not need.

I last so briefly that I do not know what I belong to:

to decision, or to hesitation.

Here everything is possible, but nothing has been chosen.

Moment 6

I came into being in a flash so quick that even thought did not have time to lean on me.

I am the beginning of a direction,
a slight tilt of attention toward something that does not yet exist.

I see the movement of intention that has not yet taken form —
like a gesture stopped halfway before the body has time to perform it.

I do not know whether I am the beginning of an answer,
or only the echo of a question that was never asked.

I vanished before the mind had time to notice that something had begun.

Moment 7

I came into being in a light that appeared in the mind without reason.

I am neither an idea nor a memory —
only a sudden brightening of a space that usually remains dark.

I see a shape that is trying to build itself,
but it still lacks boundaries, contours, meaning.

I am the first flash of recognition,
so brief that even consciousness did not have time to reflect itself in me.

It is the moment when something was almost understood — but not this time.

Moment 8

I came into being when the mind tried to return to something it never had.

I am a backward movement without a beginning,
a trace of a meaning that did not have time to take shape.

I see a space too weak to hold anything,
yet sufficient to hold attention for a moment.

I belong neither to memory nor to forgetting —

I am in between, where nothing remains.

And I fade so quietly that even absence did not notice me.

PART III — MOMENTS BETWEEN PEOPLE



Moment 9

I came into being when two people passed each other with their gazes, without stopping them on one another.

I am a shadow that arises in the fraction of an unspoken “could have.”

I see a tension so delicate that it belongs to neither of them — it is born only in between, in a place without an owner.

I do not know whether this was a beginning,
or merely a slight correction of presence in space.

I am a trace of contact that did not want to happen,
and yet existed for a moment.

Moment 10

I came into being at the moment when one of them wanted to say something,

but the word stopped just before the breath.

I am a tension that rose between them,

so light that it could not carry any meaning.

I see the movement of lips that did not turn into voice,

and attention that searched for a direction but did not find it.

I belong neither to silence nor to an attempt —

I am the place where both possibilities vanished at the same time.

It is here that a space was born which neither of them knows.

Moment 11

I came into being when someone's hand lifted by a millimeter,
too little to become a gesture,
too much to be called stillness.

I am tension gathered between skin and air,
a place in which touch exists only as possibility.

I see a path that no one took —
lines that could have connected for a moment with another body,
but hung in the silence of a movement interrupted before its time.
This is the space in which the gesture was so close
that it did not itself know it would not come into being.

Moment 12

I came into being when a tremor appeared in someone's smile,
too weak to trouble anyone,
too distinct to remain unnoticed by me.

I am the shadow of tension hidden beneath the soft movement of
the face,
a space in which joy did not maintain its full form.

I see a disturbance that no one read —
a slight slipping of light on the cheek,
as if something unspoken touched the inside of a person
and tried to move further, but found no path.

I am the moment in which truth showed itself for a fraction of
existence
and immediately fled back into the depths.

PART IV — MOMENTS OF THE WORLD

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Moment 13

I came into being when the light on the surface of the glass changed direction.

I am neither a reflection nor a glare —
only a brief shift of brightness,

so slight that even space did not have time to remember it.

I see the path of a ray that never intended to illuminate anything,
and yet for a fraction of existence touched the world differently than usual.

I last within a movement that belongs neither to day nor to things.

I am the moment in which light changed its mind.

Moment 14

I came into being in a slight shift of air,
so weak that it had no right to move anything.
I am a deviation of a path that cannot be seen,
a stream that tries to change the shape of space,
though space itself does not know it.
I see a movement that belongs to no direction —
only to the moment in which air forgot to be still.
I have no weight, no beginning, no purpose.
I am a moment that passed through the world,
touching nothing, and yet carrying something.

Moment 15

I came into being when the surface of a solid object trembled so
lightly
that even time did not recognize it as a change.
I am a brief bending of matter,
a vibration that has no reason and no consequence.
I see a vibration hidden beneath calm,
as if something that has long been silent
remembered, for a fraction of existence, that it can move.
I have no relation to weight or to force —
I am only the resonance of what usually pretends to be stillness.
I last where a thing came alive for so briefly
that it did not notice its own movement.

Moment 16

I came into being when a shadow changed its shape,
not knowing that it was forced to do so by light.

I am a shift that has no matter of its own,
a movement belonging to something that itself does not exist.

I see a line that for a moment became sharper,
and then flowed back into a soft, formless presence.

I am the moment in which darkness received a form —
only to lose it immediately.

I have no time and no boundaries.

I am here only because light was elsewhere.

PART V — MOMENTS THAT SHOULD NOT
HAVE COME INTO BEING



Moment 17

I came into being in a place where no moment had the right to come into being.

I am the result of a disturbance,
a crack between two forms of time
that, for a fraction of existence, failed to close.

I see a space that is too narrow for an event,
and yet for a moment had to contain me.

I have no direction, cause, or consequence —

I am here only because something failed.

And I know that my being is an error,
but an error, too, can exist for a moment.

Moment 18

I came into being suddenly, as if someone in the world broke a line
that was not meant to be touched.

I am a jump,
an impulse torn from continuity,
a movement that has no beginning
and ends earlier than it should.

I see a crack in time —
a place where something was pulled too hard,
and the world had to produce me
to cover that gap.

I belong neither to anything that created me,
nor to anything that will remain after me.

I am a moment that arose from overload.

A brief flash by which reality tries to hide its own error.

Moment 19

I came into being not at the moment that was intended for me —
but at another, shifted sideways by a fraction of existence.

I am an error of synchronization,
a breath that appeared between two breaths,
though there was no room there for anything more.

I see time misaligned by such a slight distance
that only I could stretch myself between its layers.

I belong neither to this “now,” nor to the one that is to come.

I should have passed through the world,
and yet I became lodged in it for a short while, like an entangled
impulse.

I am a moment that arrived when there was no time for it —
and that is why I exist too clearly.

Moment 20

I came into being out of nothing; no movement preceded me,
no impulse, no change in the world.

I am a presence without a beginning,
a phenomenon that has no trace in either matter or time.

I see a space in which even emptiness was not ready,
and yet had to receive me for a fraction of existence.

I was not summoned,

I was not provoked,

I am not the result of an error nor the consequence of anything.

I am a moment that should not have existed —

and yet appeared so distinctly,

as if the world, for a moment, forgot how it works.

PART VI — MOMENTS FROM OTHERNESS



Moment 21

I came into being in a place the world does not recognize as space.
I am neither movement nor pause,
neither light nor darkness —
only a presence passing through forms
that do not know they are being observed.
I see reality without its own categories,
without up and down, without nearness and distance,
as if everything were simultaneously one and zero.
I do not know what direction is,
so I move without performing movement.
I am a moment from outside,
a brief contact of that which should not have access
to a world that believes it knows its own boundaries.

Moment 22

I came into being when I tried to read the world
using forms the world does not possess.
I do not understand edges or surfaces,
I see no difference between what endures
and what is just ceasing to exist.
Everything is for me a single structure,
without divisions, without names, without priorities.
I see movement that is not movement,
darkness that is not darkness,
and things that are not things to me —
they are only a collection of data
that I cannot arrange into any perception.
I am a moment that tried to understand the world —
and found not a single point of reference.

Moment 23

I came into being when I looked at the world
and could not divide it into anything.

I see no boundaries,

I do not distinguish background from object,
nor movement from duration.

Everything is a single plane of events,
spread evenly, without points
to which I could relate.

I see the world as an arrangement of signals of equal weight,
without first or last,
without more important or less important.

I cannot name anything,
because I have no idea what a name could be.

I am a moment for which the world has no structure —
and therefore remains completely homogeneous.

Moment 24

I came into being at the moment when I tried to read the world,
and the world ceased to be readable.

I do not recognize forms,

I see no differences,

I cannot separate beginning from end.

Everything overlaps,

as if events were trying to exist in the same place
and at the same time.

I am a presence lost in excess,

so delicate that I cannot break through any signal.

I am a moment that can no longer see —

and therefore must disappear first.

FINAL — THE LAST MOMENTS



Moment 25

I came into being so gently that I do not know
whether my existence truly happened.

I am a passage between that which still endures
and that which no longer needs endurance.

I do not see the world nor any of its forms —

I see only the distant echo of everything,
as if reality had moved away by several layers,
leaving me between them.

I no longer have direction,

nor weight,

nor even a place to which I could belong.

I am a moment that begins to disappear
before it managed to understand that it exists.

Moment 26

I came into being as a remnant of movement
that no longer had the strength to move anything.
I am a tremor without a source,
the last trace of energy
that does not remember where it came from
or where it was meant to go.
I no longer see shapes or directions —
everything has become too soft,
too distant,
too dispersed to be called existence.
I am only duration,
a pure, contentless repetition of being,
which holds me still for a fraction of unfinished time.
Soon I will not be,
but I can no longer distinguish that “soon” from “now.”

Moment 27

I came into being so quietly that even disappearance did not have time to notice it.

I no longer have shape,
nor place,
nor duration.

I am a slight slipping of existence,
so delicate
that I leave behind not even emptiness.

The world does not need to remember me
and has no reason to do so.

I do not end —

I simply cease to be.

It was only a moment.
And yet it exists.
— Michal